CHIQUITA.

A LEGEND OF SANTA BARBARA. Barret Eastman in The Californian Magazine Her name? Chiquita. Ah, zeñor, See how the seaweed winds around her! Dead? Yes, for many hours before I came and found her.

The gentic waves had laid her down Here on the sands, and heaped her over With soft, sweet-Smelling foam, and brown, Long-deaved sea clover.

And hark! The sea-gulls sing her dirre, And all the chorus of the ocean Makes mournful music, surge on surge, In sweet devotion.

Last night she lay within those arm: Her mother's arm, senor, no other, And in her sleep beheld the charms Of sleep's twin brother.

I know, for while I watched her, tears Gleamed in the low light of the ember And then she sighed the sigh one hears And—one remembers.

From out her troubled lips words came
Mixed with the sixh, words wet with sorrow,
"I die for thee," and then a name
And then, to-morrow.

I did not understand, you see.
How could I know her hours were numbered?
But God had willed this thing to be,
And I—I simplered.

Well, now I find her dead and cold. Seftor, the story's old, but never Castilian bleed grows cold or old— It burns hot ever.

Therefore I do not blame ner; no— Others have loved with song and laughter, and then, through leving learned to know What wee comes after.

Love is a glorious thing, refier, When in the dusk guitars are playing, And on the smooth adobe floor The dance is swaying.

But love is bitter when he goes And days pass on and leave her weeping— The sun has blighted many a rose Given to his keeping.

Well, so the world was made, and I Do not lament that darkness covers The shining brightness of the sky That smiles on lovers.

To me night came long years ago— Night in whose gloom I often stumbled; But pride sustained me still, although My pride was humbled,

Pride in Chiquita—that was strong; Fride in myself—there's aone remaining; This was my secret. Right or wrong I'm not complaining

That so it was, or that all pride

Has left me now—Alt things are seeming
No more, and rocking with the tide

There is no dreaming.

Chiquita! Daughter! We shall be Racked by regret from henceforth never; I seek the silence of the sea-Farewell-forever!

UNCLE M'SHANE.

"Can you come home in tolerably good time to day, Mr. Brooke?" asked the wife of his bosom Lodge, St. John's Wood. The outside blinds were already lowered, for the sun poured its early beams into the dining-room, and the perfume of mignonette and sweet pea came in through the

"What do you call 'good time?" " returned Mr Brooke, without raising his eyes from "The which he held in one hand while he stirred his tea with the other. He was a pepperand-salt colored man, from his grayish-red hair to his well-blacked shoes and white gaiters; tall and well-preserved, with cold, light blue eyes and careful attire. "Oh, four or half-past. I am going to call on

Sir Andrew and Lady Ingot, and as it is a first visit, I should like you to come with me.

Before you make any arrangement of that kind you ought to ascertain if my uncle requires the carriage," said Mr. Brooke in a precise one. A slight contraction passed across Mrs Brooke's face. Placidity usually reigned over her "tip-tilted nose," expansive cheeks, and smiling but exceedingly observant dark eyes. The cloud vas searcely perceptible, however, and, turning to a gentieman who sat on her right, she exclaimed pleasantly, "Oh, yes! of course! I can take you anywhere you like first, Mr. McShane."

This gentleman might be about the age of her husband, or older. He was short and thin, with a queer, crumpled little face, a sort of one-sided, pturned pose of the head, and that squeeze the brows peasants often acquire from looking at the sun with unshaded optics. He had a wide, down-curved mouth and a shaggy pair of brows, under which his keen, dark eyes gleamed or melted-his aspect being expressive of fun, mixed with quaint pathos.

"Sure, you're too good entirely, Mrs. Brooke, ma'am. I'd be sorry, to interfere with your plans. I can take a tuppenny 'bus any time, to go any way, and, bedad, I have nowhere to go nowadays. Don't let me interfere with you, by no manner of means" (he said "manes").

"Oh! if the carriage is going a-begging, I will put in my claim," said an abundant-looking young lady who sat opposite him, and who appeared to have been melted and poured into her admirably cut, elaborately embroidered Holland morning frock, which seemed brimming over with its contents. She was high-colored, with a very fair skin, quantities of carroty-red hair, and a large crop of freckles. This was Mrs. Brooke's daughter by her first marriage, Miss Sarah Jane Smally. "Moreover, I have vested right to my share in it!" she continued. Then, if uncle doesn't really want it, will you

come back in time to accompany me?" said Mrs. Brooke, addressing her husband,

"Yes, if I can. Don't wait after 5 o'clock. By the way, here's a note from Val. Can you give him a bed? He has a few days' leave, and wants to discuss come business matters with

"Oh yes, I can manage it. It would be better if he could wait till I send May and Kitty Graeme to the seaside. But we shall manage." "Sure, I'm just taking up the house-room of the family." exclaimed Uncle McShane, earnestly. "Why don't you let me go and take a room-I mean apartments-as I wanted long ago, though your hospitable heart wouldn't let me? I could find some quite handy, and--"

"Ah! Uncle McShane." Interrupted Sarah Jane, "you know you ought to take a real handsome place-there's Aubrey House, that's the very thing-and give a big ball for me. I'll ask the

company, and you shall pay the bill." Faith, I wouldn't desire better, and welcome you'd be; but, though the heart is willing, the purse is light, me dear young lady. I wish you'd

believe me, I'm no millionaire." "None of your nonsense, uncle. You like to keep fast hold of the cash. But, ma dear, can't Mrs. double up Kitty and Mrs. Thompson, and give her to Vai? I know he wants to come, and

want him." Well, he doesn't want you, Sally," said her brother Sam, a truculent urchin of twoive, who was busy stowing away as much breakfast as he could in the limited time before starting for school. "You worried him to death the last

time be was here. I wonder he comes any "You are a rude, impertinent cub," cried Sarah

Jane, angrily.

Oh, se for shame, Sammy, to speak that way a lady," said Uncle McShane, "Ladies! Why not? They can be great nuis-

"Samuel, be slient!" said his father, sternly. "There is Val's letter," he continued, passing it own to his wife. "He seems to be coming up to-"Very well," said Mrs. Brooke,

'An elegant young man, and the height of od company," murmured Uncle McShane. Faith, any father might be proud of him." He nted his words with a nod toward his host. "Rather a costly article," replied Mr. Brooke, rising and offering the paper to his uncle.

"Well, isn't he worth the cost?" asked Sarah

"Faith, that's well said, my dear young lady, It's pleasant to see a purty girl stand up for a boy that's only her half-brother." "Not even that, Uncle McShane," cried Sarah Jane, with a deep blush. "Val happens to be

value anywhere'

my mother's husband's son. He is no relation Mr. Brooke folded up his napkin precisely and

Jane. "I don't know that you would get better

wished the party good morning. There was a moment's silence. Then Uncle McShane rose and handed the paper to Mrs. Brooke, "Maybe you'd like to see the news. I'm just going into the garden to say good morning to May and her guardian angel. I sep-

waistcoat of his accurate gray morning suit; rose from the table, patted a shrewd-looking fox terrier, who fawned upon him, and left the legged, awkward girl of thirteen or fourteen,

the eldest of Mrs. Brooke's second family. "Well;" exclaimed Sarah Jane, as soon as she softles I ever came across, Uncle McShane is the softest! Do you know what he slinks off for every morning as soon as Mr. Brooke is gone?"

"How can I tell?" "To read fairy tales to May! And if you heard him, what with his brogue and his queer pro-

nunciation, it would make a cat laugh." "He is very kind to poor May," said Mrs. was little hope, and Kitty was her attendant-a second courin, whom Mrs. Brooke had taken for an unpaid attaché, as the cheaper way of providing for a pauper relation.

"Oh, yes, kind enough, but I say, ma, he can keep his money tight enough. There is such a lot of humbug in people, now ain't there?"

"Oh, I den't know. I have too much to think of. Here is Val coming unexpectedly, and, as he wants to speak to your father, I am certain he is in a scrape." "Poor Val! It's his misfortune; he was born

with a princely nature. Show me his note, ma." Mrs. Brooke threw it across the table.

"If he is in any money trouble, he can soon get clear of it," continued the young lady, her eyes on the paper, "if he had only the courage to ask.

"Sarah Jane, you're a fool!" said her mother, emphatically.

"Perhaps I am, perhaps I am not. Anyhow, I know what I want. I rather fancy I'll get it." "If I were you, I'd be ashamed to hanker after a man that doesn't want me."

"How do you know he doesn't? I am not the sort of woman men are indifferent to! Val and I understand each other. All he wants is encouragement. Mind, ma, whether he is in debt or out of debt, he is the man I fancy. I never met any one to match him." Sarah Jane was both bright and busy the rest

of the day. She put the flowers on the dinner one fine morning, as the family were assembled table herself, much to the disgust of the tasteround the well-spread breakfast table, in that ful parlormaid. "She always makes a 'hobject' admirably appointed, well-kept mansion, Alma of the decorations," observed the aggrieved damset. She gathered some flowers for her own bair, and then she made a ponderous "buttonheie" and placed it on "the shrine," L e., the less rapidity, so not unnaturally omitted the "posy" provided for him. This did not prevent Sarah Jane regarding him with tender pride. She gazed delightfully at his well-set-up, wellproportioned figure, his sun-embrowned countenance, and short, curly, wark hair, his somewhat impatient, handsome hazel eyes, and the white teeth which showed under his thick mustache when he smiled. But he did not smile much on the present occasion. The good-looking young Captain was not in a good temper, eviently, and did not speak much to any one, except Uncle McShane, with whom he generally exchanged jokes and good stories, which were something of an unknown tongue to the rest of the company.

"Have you renounced buttonholes?" asked Sarah Jane, with a languishing glance.

"Yes—no! Oh! I had something else to think of to-day," he said, carelessly.

"You might have put it in when it was provided for you."

"Ah, indeed! Did you put that posy on my table? Very good, I'm sure. Don't waste your time on such an unlucky fellow as myself."

"Oh, come, that must be an old story." what impatient, handsome hazel eyes, and the

time on such an unlucky fellow as myself." "Do you think I should mind your in

"Can't say. Don't fancy you would care for failure. What, going? Well, I want to talk to my father. See you presently."

"And if he proves obstinate?" "What do you mean?" interrupted Val. "What

should be be obstinate about?" "I'm sure I don't know," returned Sarah Jane,

a little awed by his stern tone. "I suppose May and Kitty have gone off to the seaside," said Val, as he held the door open

for his stepmother to pass through. "No. not vet! They are upstairs, as usual; May hates coming into the drawing-room more

than ever." "I don't suppose Kitty objects to society,

"Kitty's business is to attend to May," re-

turned Mrs. Brooke, shortly.

"You may trust Kitty to take care of herself," added Sarah Jane, with a mocking laugh, as she followed her mother across the hall-and Val closed the door, not too gently. Arrived in the drawing-room, Mrs. Brooke sat

down and looked at her daughter.

"There will be a row," she said, solemnly.
"I fancy he is in a scrape; he looks awfully glum" replied that young lady.
"Yes, Sarah Jane, I hope you see what a horrid temper he has. Mr. Brooke has always been too indulgent to him."
"Well, you have nearly cured him of that weakness."

"Pon't be so disagreeable, Sarah Jane!"

"All right, I'll bestow my disagreeability on May-or Kitty-May will be in bed." An uncomfortable hour and more passed while Mrs. Brooke waited and worked at a huge piece of crochet. At last she heard the divingroom door open, then the front door, and finally the outer gate was slammed vigorously. Almost immediately her husband came in, looking as if all the blood in his veins had turned to vine-

"Careless, reckless, unprincipled young jackanapes!" he exclaimed, and proceeded to detail
Val's enormities. He had got into debt, he had
ridden races and bet heavily, hoping to retrieve
one disaster by risking another; at last the
money-lenders threatened summary proceedings
and Val was driven to ask help from his father,
the bitterest pill he had yet attempted to swallow. "It is the accursed frish strain in him,"
continued Mr. Brooke. "Not an ounce of practical sense about him; would go into the army,
which is mere showy beggary. I must say
there was no nonsense of that kind about his
poor mother."

"And I must say that he would have ruined
you years ago, if it had not been for me," said
Mrs. Brooke, loftily,

"And he is such an obstinate, fanciful simpleton, he wen't take the way that is under his "Careless, reckless, unprincipled young jack

"And he is such an obstinate, funciful simpleton, he wen't take the way that is under his nose to get out of his difficulties."

"You mean that he might marry my dear daughter, and pay his debts with her money, I beg to say that I shall set my face against—"

Here the door opened to admit Uncle Mc-Shane, who, on these fine summer evenings, usually retired into the privacy of his own chamber or the garden, to commit the enormity of smoking a pipe, and was usually absent a considerable time, being suspected by Sarah Jane of paying evening visits to May, as a murmur of voices mingied with laughter was often heard from the school-room, where the poor little deformed girl was rather strictly kept out of sight.

Shane, who, on these fine summer evenings, usually retired into the privacy of his own chamber or the garden, to commit the enormity of smoking a pipe, and was usually absent a considerable time, being suspected by Sarah Jane of paying evening visits to May, as a murmur of voices mingied with laughter was often heard from the school-room, where the poor little deformed girl was rather strictly kept out of sight.

At the entrance of his uncle—as McShane was by marriage—Brooke composed himself, and then, on second thoughts, imparted the sad tale of his prodigal son's misdoings to the wealthy relative whose favor he begrudged to his firstborn, so completely had his younger children pushed Vel from his place. Uncle McShane listened with profound sympathy, and then prefacing his pleadings with a violent "him," began: "Faith, it's a cruel, hard case for him and for you. I don't mean to say that the young man isn't in fault, for he is; but just think of the foolishness and ignorance of youth! Didn't he hope to make it all right, as many another boy has done before him? Don't be too hard on him, Mr. Brooke, you know you must not and ought not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be dught not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be dught not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be dught not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be dught not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be dught not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be dught not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be dught not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be dught not to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your part; it would be the listen. I want to speak such words to me! They are weakness and folly on your pa

I'd do it meeself, only just now I am in a tight place; but I'll not forget you by-and-by if you give in to me in this." There was infinite entreaty in his tones; but if Mr. Brooke was less obdurate in his aspect, when, after a pause, he made answer, it was because there was something in Uncle McShane's voice and manner which woke dark doubts of the reality of that relative's weaith.

"You are too partial to Val," he said. "If I yield in this instance, I lay myself open to being perpetually drained."

"Faith, you needn't. Won't this wise woman of a wife of yours close the floodgates any time you like?"

Mrs. Precke leaked up and said, with dignity.

Brooke looked un and said, with dignity,

Mrs. Brooke looke't un han-"I trust I shall do my duty." Uncle McShane murmured something in an undertene which, but for her unfamiliarity with yulgar Irish phrases, would have given her a

Where's the poor boy?" resumed McShane "Oh, I don't know! He went off at a tangent to some of his worthless companions after talk-ing some nonsense about quitting the army and getting a money consideration from his brother officers for clearing out of the way."

"Oh, faith, that will never do at all, at all,

officers for clearing out of the way."

"Oh, faith, that will never do at all, at all, I'll sit up for him, Mrs. Brocke, ma'am, if you have no objection; you may trust to me to lock up hard and fast—maybe Val will hear reason from me."

Heaven knows in what condition he may

"Heaven knows in what condition he may return," ejacolated Mrs. Brooke.

"I'd lay bong odds he'll return like a sober gentleman," ejaculated Uncle McShane.

Mr. Brooke nurmured comething about hopeless spendthrifts and left the room. His wife folded up her piece of work, and, riving, observed: "Well, Mr. McShane, I will send the servents to bed, and trust you to lock up the gate and the front door, and will you please see that that wretched young man goes to bed without setting the hones on fire."

In a few minutes zilence prevailed throughout Alma Lodge, and after pouring himself out a very modest allowanes of whiskey and water, Unete McShane proceeded to sip it slowly while he sat in profound meditation. Ultimately he drew out his memorandum book, took the pencil, and on the envelore of a letter began to scribble calculations, sucking his pencil frequently. Uncle McShane had begun to not over his mental exercise when he heard the latch of the gate lifted, and hurried briskly to open the door for the prodigal son.

"Sitting up for me?" exclaimed Val; it's deuced kind of you. I rather dreaded coming to

"Ah! where have you been, you unfortunate y?" asked Uncle McShane, with a severe aset, and looking at him keenly.
"Walking to and fro to recover my equanim-; No, I have not tasted even a glass of water," added, answering the question in his grand-ple's eyes.

uncle's eyes.

"Then come in, and I'll give you the best of good advice; and, mark ye. Val. me poor fellow, it's all I have to give ye."

"Never mind, a word in season is worth a lot and a friendly word—," the young man broke uncle's eyes.

abruptly. Sit down," said his uncle. "Faith, you are "Sit down," said his uncle. "Fath, you are the livin' image of your poor mother! and she was more like a sister than a nicce to me in the old times, when we were all poor enough in this wilderness of a city, before I went away to Canada," and the curiously contrasted couple fell into serious talk which lasted far into the

usual, for Mrs. Brooke and Sarah Jane had planned to make an expedition to Richmond to lunch with an old maiden aunt of the latter, who lunch with an old maiden nunt of the latter, who lived alone in a beautiful villa, and was the object of much attention from both mother and daughter. On this accasion the little crippled girl, May, had also been invited, so for a wonder her faithful Kitty was to have a holiday. Val was not at the morning meal—the servant reported him "gone out." having had a cup of tea and silce of bread and butter an hour be-

"'Pon my word, he thinks the house is his "Pon my word, he thinks the house is his own," claculated Mrs. Brooke.

"The cold chain of silence" hung over the breakfast table; every one was cross except Uncle McShane. He delivered himself of a message from Val to his father to the effect that he was returning to Aldershot, and hoped not to trouble him further, at which utterance Mr. Brooke's countenance cleared, while he said in his heart, "The young scapegrace has been persuading his uncle to help him!"

"What!" cried Sarah Jane, "won't he come back for his trans"

"No," said McShane, "I have promised to send them after him."

The house was quite quiet—every one had departed an hour or more, and Kitty Graeme had come quietly downstairs to replace some books she had ventured to borrow from a small and somewhat gloomy apartment dignified with the appellation of "library." The only joys of Kitty's rather suppressed, monotonous existence were a fit of good humor on May's part, or a new interesting book—neither came frequently; naturally the poor invalid was often freful and trying, while the last way of expending money that suggested ifself to the Brooke family was on new books.

new books.

Kitty was a slim, willowy creature of twenty, slight, but not angular, with a long graceful throat, and a rather pale oval face, which was illuminated by a pair of large well-shaped eyes that were sometimes dark and bright, sometimes dull and light, as the spirit moved her. Her mouth was rather too wide, but then it could smile—a sweet pathetic smile, when it displayed a row of pearly white teeth; and her small head was crowned with plenty of wavy bronze-brown hair, with glints as if of burnished metal among its meshes. She did not look bright on this particular morning, rather did her young face wear a troubled expression, though, intending to pay a visit to her only friend, she had donned her heat frock—a very humble one, yet precious in her eyes. It was a lilac and white flowered muslim, with a pretty little flounce round the skirt, a wide folded black slik sash and a narrow black lace scarf round her white throat. She was still leach sear from the test of the hay repetited they real ways realized. a wide folded black six said and a large searly round her white throat. She was still standing in thought after having replaced the books, when one of the servants entered. "Oh, please, Miss," she said in a tone of entreaty, "would you be so kind as to do the table

wers for me. There's a lot to do, as there's enpany to-night, and I'll not have time to fix em properly—then Miss Smalley will scold."
"Very well, Susan."

"Very well, Susan."
"They are all in the dlining room—the vases and things, all of 'em, Miss."
Kitty had nearly the whole day before her, and rather liked the task, which went culckly under her deft fingers. It was nearly finished when she heard footsteps in the hall; she started and grew very pale; the next moment the door opened and Val Brooke came in, carefully closure; the helical bin.

opened and Val Brooke came in, carefully clos-ing it behind him.
"This is luck," he exclaimed, without offering to shake hands with her, "to find the house clear and only you at home."
"Yes, but I am obliged to go out homedi-ately!"

Not until you hear what I have to say

"Not until you hear what I have to say. Kitty," he said, resolutely. "You have turned a deaf ear to me often enough; but now I am in a hole, you'll not refuse to hear the confessions of an unlucky beggar."
"I did hear you had got into a scrape, and if I could help you the least bit I would listen with all my heart, Val—Mr. Brooke, I mean."
"No, you don't mean anything but Val. You think of me as Val—if you ever do—and you are awfully ungrateful if you don't. You know you haunt me. Look here, Kitty, you have been rude and unkind, and everything you ought not to be, and yet I can't get you out of my head or my heart."

I am going to leave the army; needs must; and I am going to leave all fineries behind me. That dear old fellow, Uncle McShane, is going to help me to some colonizing scheme—and, Kitty, will four refuse to share the hardships as well as the huxuries of life with me? Not the worst hards you retuse to share the hardships as well as the huxuries of life with me? Not the worst hardships though; I'll make a home for you before I ask you to leave the unhomely shelter you have here. Will you love me and wait for me?" He caught her in his arms and held her

"Oh, how will you bear a life so different from hat you are accustomed to? You—" she

"Oh, how will you bear a life so different from what you are accustomed to? You—" she cried.

"What! Do you think I have so beggarly a spirit that I cannot bear a little hardship; that I am incapable of anything better than being a fine gentieman?" he interrupted. "You promise me your company on life's road, when I have smoothed it a bit—"

"Hear me, Val. We must part quite—quite free from all engagement; God knows what changes—"

changes—"
Further words of wisdom were arrested, for Val, encouraged by something in her pathetic eyes, suddenly pressed a kiss on her sweet mouth, his lips clinging to hers with passionate tenderness, while for a moment her expressive yielding confessed the truth of his auspicion—then she struggled to release herself, and he let her go, though he still kept one hand.
"My darling, you have promised me everything in that kiss," he whispered.
"I cannot think, I cannot argue," she murmured, "I only know that you are unwise. I should be truer to you if I refused, and, Val, I accept nothing and promise nothing till you have thought coolly and calmly of the future, and—"
"I cannot promise to think calmly and coolly."

"I cannot promise to think calmly and coolly "I cannot promise to think caimly and coolly of you, Kitty; I never could manage that," and he laughed softly. His handsome hazel eyes lighted up with a gleam of triumph, "We'll weather the storm yet, sweetheart, and have a heavenly life of it tegsther. Now I must go, I am going to interview the old screws who advanced me a lot of money. Uncle Mac advised me to see them after lunch—even wild beasts are less dangerous after a hearty meal. Then I'll be off to Aldershot, and see what can be done about my retirement. You shall know all about every step I take; and we meet again. How shall I live without seeing you? One more, Kitty darling. Yes, I must and will have it."

He was gone, and with him all Kitty's wise and good resolutions. What hours of confused thought, of strange, bewildering, terrifying sweetness passed by, when she could see nothing clearly through the dim, warm, golden haze which hid the future and its sterner probabilities. How she foved him, in spite of all efforts of will and attempts at self-control!

The following afternoon Val Brooke, in his quarters, was composing an epistic to Kitty, trying to make it very serious and sensible, and toning down the ardent expressions which flowed so naturally from his pen. He was thinking pleasantly, his pen still in his hand, when his orderly brought him a letter. It was addressed to him in small, clear, firm callgraphy, which he did not recognize. He opened it and glanced at the signature, flushing with pleasure as he rend, "Yours, Kitty Graeme."
"Uncle McShane," it began, "wants to see you very much. He has met with an accident and sprained his ankle. You will find him at No. 54 Clarendon Terrace, Circus Rond, not very far from this, at a Mrs. Dickson's. There has been a frightful scene and quarret. He will tell you all about everything. Do go and see him as soon as ever you can.

A phrase followed, beginning "Do tell," but was hastily crossed out. Val read these few

A phrase followed, beginning "Do tell." but was hastily crossed out. Val read these few lines over more than once, and pondered over the cenclusion, "Yours, Kitty." Was he to take the expression at its full worth and meaning? But he must not lose time. He caught up his forage cap and started in search of the Major who was in command just then. The desired twelve hours' leave was not quite so quickly arranged as Val hoped, as a larger number of men than usual were absent. But leave was promised on the next day but one. He therefore was obliged to content himself with sending a few lines to Uncle McShane explaining the reason for delaying his visit.

It was about noon the following Saturday when Val reached Charendon Terrace. He was evidently expected, and was shown into a diminutive front parlor, where his uncle was lying on a black horse-bair covered rafa of the stoniest description. There were some cushions, however, under his back and maimed foot, which made him seem tolerably comfortable. He looked very white and wretched, with the corners of his mouth drawn down and expressing extreme despondency.

"Alt' Val. mee dear boy! I knew ye'd come."

unkind to that sweet little dariln' Kitty, and you were a trifle too kind to her, only I was pleased to see she did not seem to heed you much. Well, then came your trouble, and somehow I seemed to feel that your father took a sort of a doubt against me, though it was all of how I seemed to feel that your father took a sort of a doubt against me, though it was all of a minute. I told him many a time I was a poor man, but I could see he didn't believe me. Well, the day before yesterday I went away to town about a bit of business, and, coming back, waiting for a bus at the corner of Baker-st, up came a butcher's cart full tilt, and, among the general noise, I never perceived it. The shaft just took me shoulder and sent me spinning. I fell with the right foot doubled under me. I can't tell how, but I felt pain enough, and bruised all over. They lifted me up and put me into a cab and took me home; and there Kitty—bless her dear heart—sent for the doctor, and he happed me up with rags and lottons, and the Lord knows what. So I got to sie 5, and when I woke there was Sam—I mean your father—and Mrs. B., the pair o' them looking as black as thunder, and he says; This is rayther unfortunate, says he, mighty stiff.

"Bedad, ye'd say so if ye felt as I do,' says I.
"I feel a good deal hurt, for that matter,' he makes answer.

"I feel a good deal nurt, for that market, he makes answer.

"Yes,' says his wife, 'hurt and ashamed,'
"God bless us, and what about?' says I, for I was cross with the pain.

"You may well ask,' she returned.
"Be quiet, Sarah,' says he. I don't wish to be too abrupt. Pray, Mr. McShane, had you a partner in your business, and what was his name?"

To be sure I had,' says I, 'one Moriarity, as big a blackguard as you'd meet."

"Ah, says he with a sort of a moan, 'then I have not been misinformed, and your firm

Faith, it did, Sam,' I says, 'and I was ruined "With that he up and told me I was an impostor and had traded on him, till he roused me to answer him back and remind him of the ten pounds I used to send him and your poor dear

postor and man trader on min, the course to answer him back and remind him of the ten pounds I used to send him and your poor dear mother, now and again, aye, when I could ill afford it, and they were sore needing help. It was mane of me to do it, but I lost my temper, while that she-devil, his wife-clod forgive me for saying it—was throwing in little contemptuous stabs from time to time. Then your father seemed a little ashamed, and said that he did not want me to move till I was all right, and the pair of them went off to dress for a big dinner they were giving that day. Oh. Val. my boy, I was fair broken-hearted. I felt I was a poor, desolate old creature, with nothing to hold on to. I did think your father was fond of me for the sake of old times. Faith, the tears came into my eyes and over them."

"By heaven, it was infamous," cried Val: "I am ashamed of my father. His wife has destroyed all that was good in him."

"I must make a long story short," resumed McShane—"give me the lemonade, me dear boy. As soon as they were gone, in came that blessed Kitty, and she took me old face in her hands and kissed me brow as if I was her father, an', says she, "What can I do for you, at all, at all?"

"Get me out of this, says I; I won't spend another night under this roof, if I crawled out on me hands and knees." With that she thought a bit, and asked me a few questions; then she says: "May is wofully tired and gone to bed: I will slip out and see what I can do for you." Well, the end is she got these rooms with a good, kind widow woman she knew, and brought back the widow's son and a cab, and between the son and the cabman they carried me down to the side door, while Kitty put some of my things together, and I was safe away before they had finished their second course; and Kitty has stolen out some time of each day to see me. I'm afraid she is in the height of disgrace for what she has dame. Mrs. B. will turn her out."

"I trust no such catastrophe will happen," elevised Val.

afraid she is in the height of disgrace for what she has done. Mrs. B. will turn her out?

"I trust no such catastrophe will happen," ejaculated Val.

"If it does," cried McShane, "I'll adopt her, for though, I'm a poor man, I'm not a pauper," "Uncle," cried Val, "I, too, am hot penniless yet, and in case you should be temporarily hard up, I have a five-pound note very much at your service."

boy, no," he cried, "I haven't come to that yet, But I thank you. I thank God, who has shown me that life lan't all a howling wilderness. I haven't forgotten you. I told you I knew a nice little heiress who is pretty much alone in the world. You must meet."

"No, uncle, it's no use," exclaimed Val; "the McShane gripped his hand hard.

I succeed?"

McShane spoke long and eagerly to him as to the advisability of espousing the Canadian heiress, but in vain; and at last the interview was ended by the advent of another visitor, a grave, well-dressed, unmistakably professional man. So Val assured his uncle that he had every expectation of arranging with his brother officers for his retirement, and hoped thus to pay at least a portion of his debts, in consideration of which he yet hoped his father might consent to do the rest.

A very trying week ensued—certainly for Kitty. She was reproached, sneered at, threatened with expulsion from the sacred precincts of Alma Lodge, yet was still retained as their unpaid attaché—too valuable to be dismissed. True Val's letters were comforting, but even these led to grief. One day, coming in earlier than usual, Sarah Jane pounced on a letter addressed to Miss Graeme, which lay on the hall table, and, recognizing Val's writing, raised a tremendous storm.

Cruel accusations and intolerable innuendoes drove Kitty to leave the house and take refuge with Mrs. Dickson until she could find employment of some humble description, which would give her bread to cat.

Val knew nothing of all this, for Kitty shrank from telling him, and though he had run up to see his uncle. It was before the above catas-

see his uncle, it was before the above catastrophe had occurred.

He had begun to feel very uneasy at Kitty's silence, when he received the following missive from Uncle McShane: "My dear boy—Could you take a cup of tea with a poor invalid on Thursday at 5 o'clock? Your father, in spite of my poverty, has heard reason from my lips, and is coming, so is Kitty, and my poor little Canadian friend, who would like to know some of my people. Don't fail me. Ever yours, M. McShane."

coming, so is Kitty, and my poor little Canadian friend, who would like to know some of my people. Don't fail me. Ever yours, M. Mc-Shane."

"This is a most extraordinary move on my uncle's part," thought Val, as he penned his acceptance. "I have news for him, too."

Thursday was a fine, warm June day, and Val found a gorgeous array of cakes, less, strewberries and cream, with a modest teapot in a corner to give a correct coloring to the whole.

Uncle McShane, in a very fresh dressing gown and generally well-brushed-up condition, was conversing with his professional friend, and before Val had finished his greetings his father arrived, looking blander than Val had seen him for many months. "Let me introduce my legal adviser, Mr. Pounceby," said McShane, waving lish hand solemnly toward that precise-looking gentleman. "We won't begin tea just yet, as my young Canadian friend and Miss Kitty Graeme have not yet arrived. They went shopping, I helleve, but they will not be late," and he addressed some remarks about the stock market to Mr. Pounceby.

"Well, Val," said his father in a low tone, "I am glad to bear you are likely soon to be out of your trothles, in consideration of such a service to you I am willing to overlook the imposition your uncle has practised."

Here the door opened to admit Kitty. Val had never reen her looking so charming. A soft color warmed her cheek, a sweet smile played upon her lips, and happiness sparkled in her bright eyes.

"Come along, me darling," cried Uncle McShane, we are all dying for a cup of tea."

"Had we not better wait for the other young lady?" said Mr. Brooke, frowning at the sight of the objectionable Kitty, who did not hear or see him, for her hand was in Val's and his eyes were telling her his joy at seeing her again.

"There's no other to wait for," cried Uncle McShane, with a triumphant chuckle. "Multum in parvo, my dear sir, Miss Kitty Graeme and the Canadian heiress are one and indivisible."

"I don't like mystification," said Brooke with a frown.

"Faith, you'll not

frown. Faith, you'll not object to this one, Sam. Mr. unceby, sir, I'll trouble you for the explana-

Mr. Poincesty bowed, produced a brown paper parcel from some corner, and, opening it, said: "This, Mr. Brooke, is a deed of gift, executed the day before yesterday, by our friend, Mr. McShane, in favor of his adopted daughter, Miss Catherine Graeme, by which the sum of £20,000, invested in Indian railways, New-Zealand Gov-ernment securities and other stocks, now stands in her name."

Dead silence fell upon his hearers, broken after some minutes by an exclamation from Mr. Brooke, "I don't believe it; it's another imposi-

will come and the second as shown and expressing extreme despondency.

"I don't wonder he is ashamed to see us," said Mrs. Brooke, with a smif.

"An!" Val, mee dear boy! I knew ye'd come. Faith, it's like a gleam of sunshine to see ye, "Mry or wait a bit," said Uncle McShane, he'll pull through yet, no thanks to any one."

"I don't wonder he is ashamed to see us," said Mrs. Brooke, with a smif.

"An!" Val, mee dear boy! I knew ye'd come. Faith, it's like a gleam of sunshine to see ye, "Mry or course, you might be sure I would come." said Val, shaking hands warmly. "Now tell me all about everything. I had only two from the all little fortiume, that he's fond of, but afraid to speak up to, will take pity on the spendthrift like Val," cried Mrs. Brooke, "The girl would be a fool to give her money to a spendthrift like Val," cried Mrs. Brooke, so we start, she continued the model with the bod in blank verse. Anylow, it's left me brook as the left the room. When the she was the left the room. The seed of the poor young fellow, having been in trouble mesself. I know what it is to be in want of money. "Val nodded." "Well, I did, and they were as good as gold, as hospitable, and just couldn't do enough when the parlormaid came in the policy of the poor young fellow, having been in trouble mesself. I know what it is to be in want of money." "Val nodded." "Well, I did, and they were as good as gold, as hospitable, and just couldn't do enough when the parlormaid came in the policy of the poor young fellow, having been in trouble mesself. I know what it is to be in want of money." "Val node you make their been with a small sim—and the word of the word of the word of the beginning." I have various things to a spendthrift like Yal, was a proud and placed as the left mesself. I know that it is five to me with a small sim—and the word of the beginning to the total in blank verse. Anylow, it's left me brook and the beginning to the total in blank verse. Anylow, it's left me brook and the beginning to the total in blank verse. A

faith, he's the broth of a boy!"
"And fortune is doubly welcome to me, coming through your hands, dearest Kitty!" cried Val.
"We shall at any rate visit 'fresh fields and pastures new,' for I have heard for certain that the regiment is on the route for India in November. Can we ever prove to Uncle McShane the depth and breadth of our affection and gratitude."

No words can describe the amazement and

tude?"
No words can describe the amazement and mortification of the family at Alma Lodge. The feelings of all must be left to the imagination of the intelligent reader, to whose kindly appreciation is also left the character of Uncle McShane.—(Atalanta.

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

By Lord Macaulay. The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling, The sky was black and drear, When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship without a name Alongside the last Buccaneer.

Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce a gale, When all others drive bare on the sens? Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador, Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?"

"From a shore no search bath found, from a gulf no line can sound.

Without rudder or needle we steer:
Above, below, our bark die the sea-fowl and the shark.

As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

"To-night shall be heard on the rocks of Cape de A loud crash and a louder roar; And to-morrow shall the leep, with a heavy moaning, sweep The corpses and wreck to the shore"

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride. In the breath of the citron shades:
And Severn's towering mast securely now flies fast. Through the sea of the balmy Trad's.

St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havannah's The seaman goes forth without fear;
For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had

Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

A REVOLUTION IN TELEGRAPHY.

From The Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The days for the use of the primary battery for telegraphy in this country are numbered. It will not be long before the batteries that are now used in the various stations of the New-England States will be relegated to antiquity. At the main Boston office, where 14,000 cells were employed for sending messages the first of the year, occupying one-fifth to one-sixth the space, there are now motor dynamos which take up but a small room in the basement. The advantages of the motor dynamo or transformers, as they are generally called, are manty.

The saving alone over the old system is said, be between 40 and 45 per cent. This remains to demonstrated, however. Then, again, the new ractice has the great advantage of cleanliness and

be demonstrated, however. Then, again, the new practice has the kreat advantage of cleanliness and steadiness.

With the use of the cells the voltage varied from 25 to 36 points from the standard of 180 volts supposed to be delivered. With the motor dynamo as a generator of current, there is hardly any variation, at the most, two or three volts. The motor dynamo transforms or recluces the ordinary direct incandescent light current into one of small volume for the telegraph business.

In the Western Union Company's Boston office the current is taken in a commutator on one side of the machine and sent out from a commutator on the opposite side, the transformation beling effected by two different windings on the armature.

The Boston plant has at present nineteen of these transformers in use and will put in addition probably ten more. Of the machines now in use five are of three horse-power cach, three are one horse-power, two are one-half horse-power, two are one-half horse-power. The potential of these machines varies anywhere from 25 up to 250 volts.

The farthest point to which a message has to be sent from Boston is Buffulo. N. Y. and this can be accompilished by throwing one large machine of 250 volts into service or several connected in tandem or in series. The small machines which are wound for from fifty to seventy volts are thrown into what is known as the loop from New-York to Portland, thus necessitating the sending of but one message.

A NEW-YORK

DERMATOLOGIST.



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matter if you are tired of it. Don't let go until you have read DR. WOODBURY'S Book or called upon him. THE NEW FACIAL INSTRUMENT is applicable all fleshy parts of the body, and should be on the

IF YOUR EYEBROWS were a little thicker you ttier. It can be done. DANDRUFF, Warts, Pimples and Itching of the

YOUR EARS are ill shaped. They stand out too for but read the article on Facial Development by JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR permanently removed by th r to return again.

PRETTY AS YOU are, you are not attractive, when

WARTS AND PIMPLES on the scalp, very annot

BARBER'S ITCH, a painful and obstinate affile tion, is quickly cured. It is better still to pusing Woodbury's Antiseptic Shaving Soap.

A LEAN FACE may be made plump and pleasing THE REARD LINE. If the hair is above the bear

chance you've had lately of getting a man. Men to abhor freckles almost as much as they do pimple YOUR FACE, you say, tans easily. Well, WOOD-BURY'S Facial Soap was not made to eat; it was made for the purpose of taking away the tan and lots of other

ACTRESSES SAVE their nice complexions by using WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP in washing off the make-up. All the latest theatrical trunks have a special place built in the side to hold Facial Soap. WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP is considered a

"Mascotte" in many of the New-York hospitals. You see the soap contains a disinfectant, and it is valuable in such places because they will only use the best. I CAN'T take the spots off a frog. Soap was not invented for that purpose, but WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP will make the human skin most beautiful to look upon. At druggists, or by mail.

PHYSICIANS STAND by WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP because there is nothing quack about it. It too years before Facial Soap was originally perfected and p on public sale.

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